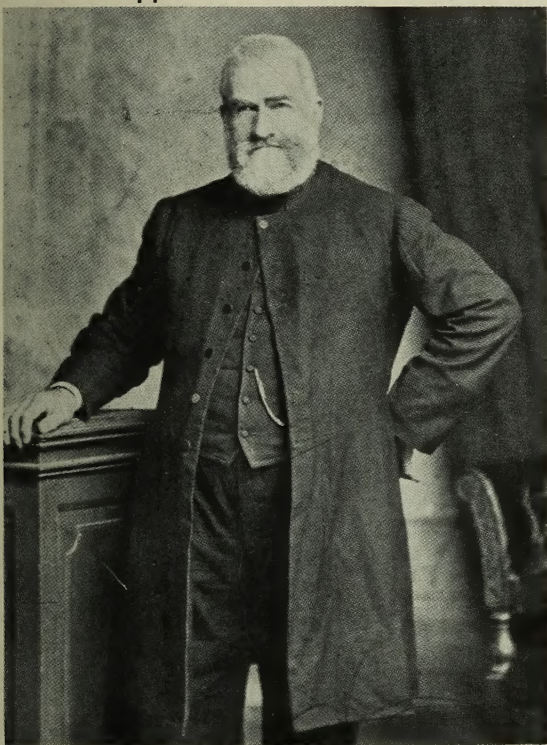


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A father to the poor

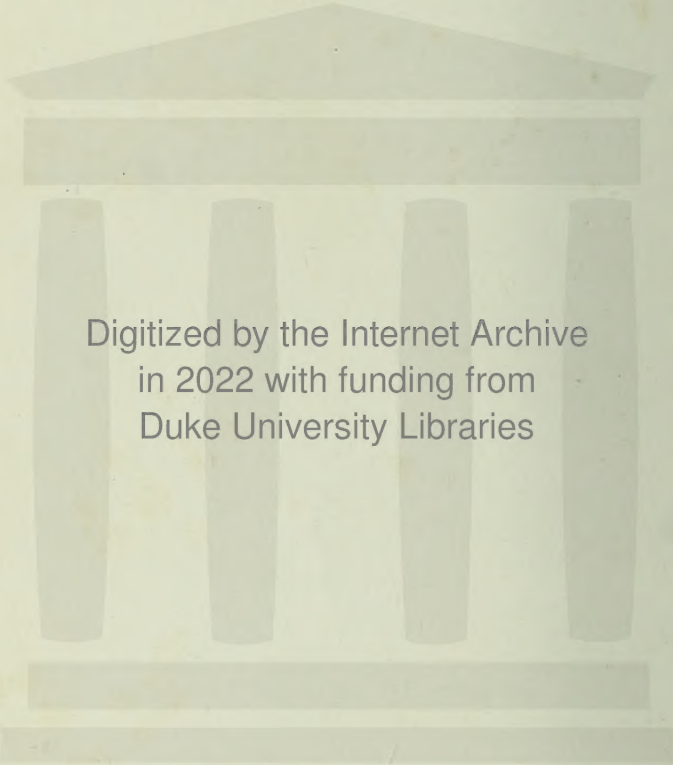
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A FATHER

***TO
THE
POOR***



By
E. Josephine Martin



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A Father to the Poor

By

E. JOSEPHINE MARTIN

Introduction and Comments

By

Robert W. Thompson

EDITOR

Published by descendants of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Martin, in cooperation with the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, as a contribution to the Centennial of United Presbyterian work in India-Pakistan and as an inspiration toward evangelization among all nations.



Mary, Jane and Josephine Martin.

Explanatory Preface

MISS E. JOSEPHINE MARTIN came into possession of letters which her father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Martin, had written to Mrs. Martin's parents in America during their first twenty years as missionaries in India. She made excerpts from the letters which give their experiences during their two terms together in what was virtually pioneer work.

Josephine addressed her copy of the letters to the editor, Robert W. Thompson, a brother-in-law. They are rewritten as a story of life and work in the India Mission of the United Presbyterian Church in the earlier years.

Her sister, referred to, is Miss Mary R. Martin. The initials, E.J.M., attached to explanatory statements are those of the author, E. Josephine Martin.

In addition to the excerpts there are added in appropriate places information given by Miss Kate A. Hill who was associated with members of the Martin family when she was a missionary in India.

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Introduction

Jesus announced His public ministry in the prophetic words of Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
because he has anointed me to preach good news
to the poor."

The following record introduces a missionary who seems to have labored in something of the same spirit.

Dr. Samuel Martin was referred to by many who became Christians through his ministry as

Chuhreán dá Pír

which, as translated, is, "Father" of the Chuhras (that is religious guide).

The Chuhras were the poorest of the poor. They lived outside the village proper, and performed the most menial tasks for the village. Dr. Martin's attention to the people of this caste came about in a strange way, afterwards recognized as providential. Miss Mary J. Campbell, *In the Shadow of the Himalayas*, p. 55, gives the following account: "A high caste man in the district of Zafarwal, whose name was Nathu, was baptized by Dr. Barr in 1872. He went out and won to Jesus Christ a dark little man, lame in leg, quiet and modest in manner. This man was thirty years of age and his name was Ditt. He was an untouchable. One day Nathu took Ditt to Sialkot to meet Doctor Martin and presented him as one ready for baptism."

Miss Kate A. Hill who first went to India as a missionary in 1896 was closely associated with the Martin family. She and Josephine Martin made their first journey to the Mission field together. Miss Hill gives the story of Ditt's baptism as she heard it from Dr. Martin: —

"No one from this caste had been baptized. There had been much discussion. Some said if a low caste man (or outcaste) be baptized, no high caste will ever come. Others said, if you want

to cut down a tree begin at the roots. If caste is ever to be destroyed begin with the outcaste.

"So Ditt came asking for baptism. Dr. Martin hesitated. Mrs. Martin, with a woman's love and intuition said, 'Baptize him.' Dr. Martin did, and sent him back to his own village to live among his own people. In a few months Ditt returned with relatives and friends to be taught and to be baptized. Thus the Mass Movement in the Punjab began that brought thousands of low caste to Christ, and the Punjab Church was established. Dr. Martin lived to see the Punjab Synod organized, self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating.

"Dr. Martin died in 1910. For days after the funeral his three daughters sat on the verandah of the bungalow to meet the many Christians who came from Zafarwal, Sialkot, and Pasrur to mourn for one they called 'Father,' and not only members of the Christian community, but officials of city and district came."

The following record introduces a man of great faith. If there are discouragements and problems anywhere they are more numerous in the attempt to introduce Christianity into a population of non-Christians. And they are more perplexing when trying to integrate believers from a low caste people into a church. Dr. Martin had all these hindrances, and at times felt them keenly, but always closes his letters with an expression of faith in God. He believed himself in God's work and in God's will.

The narrative gives no estimate of the number baptized by this evangelistic missionary, but it has been variously estimated as between 7,000 and 15,000. "Of the 15,000 people whom Dr. Robert Stewart estimates that Dr. Martin baptized, thousands were ancestors of our present Punjab church." (United Presbyterian, July 18, 1955, page 6.)

The record introduces readers to a missionary family. Mrs. Martin (nee Lydia Mossman) the wife and mother was a team-mate in service with her husband. She was with him on the camping trips for evangelism. She would meet with the women and girls, and helped in the girls' schools. Miss Mary J. Campbell, who lived in the Martin home during her first year in India, gives a worthy tribute to the ability and devotion of Mrs. Martin. This is quoted in later pages.

Three daughters were missionaries in India. Mary R. went

out in 1890; Josephine in 1896; and Jane in 1906. This family gave individually a total of 162 years of service to our India Mission. Is this a record in the annals of United Presbyterian Foreign Missions?

There are several reasons for the publication of this narrative of service. Naturally the living descendants will appreciate this testimonial to the life and work of Dr. and Mrs. Martin, and their daughters, in this far off mission area. This, however, is a minor consideration. A better purpose is to show from the excerpts and comments the actual experience of missionaries in a virtually pioneer work. Theirs is representative of missionary families in general in those early days. This is not a record of memory, reproduced years afterward in a mingled vision. It consists in week by week experiences as they occurred.

Finally, the record is not to glorify a man or his family, but to glorify God who worked through these servants. May the story hereafter given impel readers to more loving and loyal service to our Lord, who said, "Make disciples of all nations." And may it inspire the United Presbyterian Church to continue with vigor the work begun a century ago, and fostered through the hundred years.

CHAPTER I

American Heritage

(Excerpts from Letters)

FATHER AND MOTHER were brought up in Ohio, father among the hills of Jefferson county, and mother on the Mossman farm near Kinsman, Ohio, where her father and mother celebrated their sixty-first wedding anniversary before my grandfather's death. Grandmother lived to be ninety-three.

Grandfather Mossman was for many years an elder in the Jamestown, Pa. congregation, where summer and winter he was very punctual in attendance, although he lived five and a half miles away, across the Ohio line.

Grandfather Martin was also an elder, and one of the first elders in the Knoxville, Ohio congregation, when it was first formed. Father was the first child baptized in the Knoxville church. The brick house still stands on the old Martin farm, and my father and his brothers often walked the four and a half miles to church, thinking nothing of it. When Rev. Wm. Lorimor was their pastor, one day he started on his pastoral visits. When asked where he was going, he said, "To Elder Martin's to get some preachers from his boys."

The result of that visit was that my uncle, John W. and my father had their thoughts turned toward the ministry.

(The editor came across additional information with respect to that pastoral visit, which may be stimulating to ministers. Reverend William Lorimor stayed at the Martin home overnight. After the children had retired he and the Martin parents visited together late into the night on the purpose of his call.

The next morning as the preacher was about to start home

Mr. and Mrs. Martin told him that they had talked the question over between themselves, and were willing that the two oldest boys might go to college.

That was a good evening's work for Rev. Wm. Lorimor. He started two men toward the ministry. These men and their descendants through two succeeding generations became a procession of ministers and missionaries, a full dozen dedicating their lives to the sacred vocation, and a score more serving the United Presbyterian Church as lay members.

Let us crown this alert pastor for trying to fill up the ranks of the ministry. Perhaps multiple Lorimors today would solve the problem of scarcity of men for the ministry.

Note: — Rev. William Lorimor was pastor of the editor's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rutan, members of the Reformed Presbyterian church in New Jefferson, Ohio. His own son became a minister, and two of his grandsons were fellow students with the editor in Xenia Theological Seminary. — R.W.T.)

(Returning to the narrative by E.J.M.)

Mainly through their own efforts John and Samuel graduated from Jefferson College in Canonsburg, Pa., and both became missionaries, Uncle John being a Home missionary in the West, until his broken health compelled him to return east. My father spent his life in India as a missionary for nearly 44 years.

After college father enlisted in the army, and was First Lieutenant in one of the Ohio regiments (the Ninety-eighth, I think) during the Civil War, and for a time he was captain. While sick in the hospital he was taken prisoner by General Morgan. After exchange of prisoners, he resigned his commission, and entered the Theological Seminary. After completing the course of study he was appointed a missionary to India.

A distinguished lawyer, who knew the Martin brothers in their youth, is reported to have said: "It is strange how some people waste their talents! The Martin brothers had brains, and might have made their mark in the world, but John wasted his in little mission and country congregations, and Samuel buried himself in India."

Some thought much the same of my mother. She had been a successful teacher, holding two state life certificates. She was teaching in the Jamestown (Pa.) Seminary when she received her call to India.

"Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die (be

buried), it abideth by itself alone; but if it die it beareth much fruit." Only when the rewards of "Well done, good and faithful servant" are distributed will be known how much fruit!



in the old days, and also the growth of the work year by year.

Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Martin
before first sailing.

Grandfather and grandmother Mossman carefully preserved all the letters which my father and mother wrote to them up until my mother's death in December 1886. Recently the most of these have come into our possession, and it is the purpose of these articles to give extracts from these letters, which will give a picture of missionary life



CHAPTER II

Introduction to India

FATHER AND MOTHER went to India in a sailing vessel, rounding the southern coast of Africa on their journey. The ship in which they sailed from Glasgow was damaged in a storm and returned for repairs. They took passage in a second ship. The letters written on this long tedious voyage read like a romance, but for the sake of brevity, this introduction to their missionary life must be omitted.

They arrived on the field in May 1867. The first letter from which we quote was written in June of that year from Gujranwala, where my father was assigned at once to the task of teaching in the Boys' School. He says that one maid at home would do more work than the three servants which they had. This shows my father's reaction to the India servant problem. It was hard for both of them, who had always been independent of hired help, to adjust themselves to the new conditions.

Their first summer was hard on them in other ways. There is no mention of going to the mountains, and in August my mother writes: "Mr. Martin was completely covered with prickly heat, like measles, and it finally gathered into boils."

The close confinement was hard on my father, who had always been used to an out-of-door life. He writes, "Think of being compelled to stay in the house from 10 A. M. until 5 P. M., and keeping the doors and windows closed to keep out the heat, but I suppose we must get used to it. The way of living is very different from what it is at home. The houses are so built a woman could not do her own cooking if she wished. Our kitchen.

is at least twenty-five rods from the house, and the well is more than that in the opposite direction.

"What would you think of having three men employed to do your housework? But this is the custom, and it is impossible to change it. It's a troublesome thing to deal with these servants. They are all dishonest, and will cheat whenever they have a chance, and we have to watch them closely." Later in life he found that there were some honest servants, and he described his dealing with servants as follows: "We keep the clever rascal as long as we can put up with him, and then we take the stupid honest fellow until he gets to be too much for our nerves, and then we try the clever rascal for a while again. Sometimes we get a stupid rascal and that is hard on the temper."

In September of their first summer they came to Sialkot, which was to be their permanent home. My father wrote: "We feel as though we at last have got a place we can call home." My mother writes, "Home at last! We came here a week since, and have been getting things together for housekeeping. At Gujranwala we only stepped into Mr. Barr's place while he was away."

In November of that year, after only six months in the country, my father says, "Rev. Mr. Scott (the Indian minister) is at Zafarwal now and will remain there for the winter. This leaves us without preaching, as I am not yet ready to preach in Hindustani. But we have prayermeeting and Sabbath School, and in this way try to keep religious interest alive among the people. We can read the Scripture to them in their own language, and this, we know by the blessing of God, is able to teach them the way of life, but yet I long to be able to speak directly to these people on the eternal interests of their souls. There is a great work to be done and very few laborers.

"Looking at our work from a human point of view it is discouraging, but we have the same power through the Word and the accompanying influence through the Spirit that has wrought such wonders in other places, and in His own good time, God will bless our feeble efforts here, and even this benighted land shall be illuminated in its darkest corners."

"It is a comforting thought in view of our own weakness and imperfection, that the success of this work does not depend on our abilities for success, for God will sometimes bless the labors

of the weak and ignorant of His people, while the brilliant and talented are wanting in success."

My mother proved to be a good linguist. Later she even taught Persian to some of the Indian girls. She writes in December of her first year about her first efforts in this line, for they had to make their own Language School:

"The variety of dialects used is one obstacle to be overcome. With the men there is not quite so much difficulty in this respect, as most of them understand Hindustani (Urdu). But the women, who have not lived some time among Christians and learned their way, speak a kind of jargon belonging to no one district, and the words employed, from their pronunciation, often cannot be found in any dictionary. Even those who have been here ten or twelve years cannot understand much of what many of them say.

"I hope, if my life is spared, to go out among them, to talk to them what I am able to do, and as I hear words I do not understand, note them down until I learn the meaning of them.

"Laborers among the women is one of the great wants of the country. The great mass of them are not and cannot be reached except by women. These women about us are ignorant and degraded, and almost entirely destitute of moral power and sensibility, but the grace of God is sufficient for them."

CHAPTER III

First Fruits

MY MOTHER was always interested in organizing Sabbath Schools. In November, when she had been less than six months in the country, she writes: "Miss Gordon has now under her care thirteen girls. (This was the first Girls' Boarding School in Sialkot. — E. J. M.) Last Sabbath we organized a Sabbath School with about forty scholars. It is quite a day's work to prepare an S. S. lesson in Hindustani."

She was also greatly interested in little day schools for girls. Early in 1868, when she had been in the country less than a year, she writes: "The girls in the day school are reading for the first time in the Old Testament. Their acquaintance with their own language is limited. There are many words they do not understand. There is no such thing to be found as a Hindustani dictionary, that is, with words and definitions both in Hindustani, so I am obliged to make my own dictionary as I go along. They are now reading in First Samuel."

"The other classes that I teach are Arithmetic and Writing. One of the Christians comes to learn a Bible lesson every day. I have a few opportunities also of talking to Moslem and Hindu women. With the latter I cannot do much yet for want of language. I have just learned the Gurmukhi alphabet, and have made some progress with the grammar. As the roots of the words are to a great extent the same as in Hindustani, I think that it will not be hard to learn.

"In addition to this, we are at work preparing the Psalms for chanting, drawing off chants from music books and setting Psalms to them, teaching the people to sing them. An Indian

poet is now engaged in making translations into poetry for us. The first Psalm sung in their own tongue was the 115th."

In a letter written in March 1869, my father refers to the increase of railway construction, and its economic value to the country and people: "The past year has been one of want among the poor; many were on the verge of starvation. Things are somewhat cheaper now, but owing to the lack of rain last Fall, there was not as much wheat sown as usual. In some other parts of India the famine was worse than here. These famines often occur in India, or rather used to occur. The communication was so imperfect, that there might be plenty in one part, and want in another."

"Railroads are now being built in every direction, and common roads are made better. The production of the country will now be better equalized, and famines will not be so liable to occur. The people of this country, especially the poor, are very improvident. If they can find enough to satisfy present want, they will not worry about the future. Hence it is that these seasons of scarcity find so many of them without anything laid up."

Nearly sixty years later, India has entered upon a new era of railway extension. God's purpose must be to open new avenues for the extension of His Kingdom.

CHAPTER IV

Faith Overcoming Discouragements

WE SEE THE EARLY PROGRESS of the work from a letter written by my father on July 1, 1870. We also see some of the discouraging features: "Our school (Sialkot) has about 150 in daily attendance, and they are making good progress. They all get daily lessons in the Scriptures and in the Christian religion, as well as the Sabbath preaching. Our other work goes on as usual. We have two out stations now, Zafarwal and Pasrur, and two native assistants at each place. These need looking after in addition to what is going on here. It makes plenty to do, even in the hot weather, but, of course, to be always busy is the most pleasant way of living. It is not work but worry that wears a man out."

"We have now with us six professed inquirers. It is hard to tell how many will turn out to be sincere, as many practice deception in this way, hoping to get a profitable situation by pretending to become Christians. I think that some of these will turn out to be real inquirers. We have thus evidence of the progress of the work, and although it is slow, still it progresses, and will go on in increasing ratio. To us, who are in the midst of the work, it appears slow, but centuries after this, the progress will be looked upon as something wonderful. No one who has not been here can form any idea of the difficulties arising out of the religious and social habits of the Hindus and Mohammedans."

At that time the Mission was looking for reinforcements. On July 26 my mother writes of their anxiety, especially as an effort was being made by some to abandon the Mission. She writes of some of the first fruits gathered in: "Since I commenced this we received the paper containing the news of the Assembly, and

the account for the prospect for more missionaries. We are glad to hear of more being appointed. We hope they will come in good time. We had felt a little anxious about it, as we knew the great effort that was being made to have this Mission abandoned. We have had much encouragement of late, along with some things to keep us humble. . . . We hope the Spirit of God is working in the hearts of the people. Since the first of January Mr. Martin has baptized 47 persons, 28 of whom were adults. There are several others whom he hopes to receive into the church before many months. Mr. McKee has baptized some, I do not know how many. He is in Gujranwala. One young man, who some time since was one of their most active opponents, now wishes to confess his faith in Christ. He used to take his stand opposite the missionaries, when they were preaching in the bazar, and give a harangue against Christianity."

In August of the same year my father writes of the schools as a "summer job," — "At this season we cannot get out to travel on account of the heat, and our work is mostly confined to the schools and station. The school is doing well. The attendance in the main school amounts to 160 daily, and is quite regular. I am not likely to be lonesome. I have a little more to do than usual. We dismissed the principal teacher of the school some time ago, and have not got one in his place yet. This gives me more teaching to do than usual, and indeed more than is desirable, but we cannot do much else during the hot weather." Again, "We do not know here yet what will be the result of the Assembly's action directing two missionaries to be sent to India. Such resolutions have been so often passed, and nothing came of them. I trust that God will put into the hearts of some to come to this field soon."

It will be interesting in passing to read what my father writes about the European war: "I presume you have read before this of the war in Europe between France and Prussia. It is sad to think that so much war and bloodshed is caused by the ambition of a few men, and how much suffering must be entailed on the poor. But God will overrule it all to His own glory, and to the advancement of His work. There must, no doubt, be a great deal of strife before the time comes when Christ shall reign.

"There is no telling, as yet, how many nations will be drawn

into the strife. We are so far away that it will hardly affect us much, but there is no telling. We must put our trust in God. When we look abroad and consider how much opposition and enmity there is on all hands to the progress of God's Word, we are led to wonder at the forbearance of God in sparing the world so long. When I look at this land, and the proud bigotry of the people, I am sometimes led to ask myself whether it will not be here as in the first ages of Christianity, that the people will be converted in the midst of suffering and persecution. Satan rules this land with an iron hand. But we know that when God's time comes, the work will be done at once. We must await His time."

My father's letter, written in June, 1871 shows how faith upheld them in the midst of discouragement: "As to the progress of the work, I cannot write much. There are many things to encourage, and many to discourage. It is hard to make an impression on these people, so long steeped in idolatry. . . ." "It is difficult sometimes to manage those who have professed. They are weak and liable to fall into sin. It is very discouraging at times, but we know that God will accomplish all in His own time."

CHAPTER V

Opposition and Growth

ALL WAS NOT PLAIN SAILING, as is shown from a letter written the following December from camp, while itinerating: "We meet with some rough treatment, that is, we get a good deal of abusive language, but in general the people listen in a respectful manner. There appears, however, to be very little thought about their spiritual condition. The Hindus, especially, appear to think or care little about religion of any kind, their principal care is for this world's goods. The Mohammedans are more bigoted and quarrelsome, but their religion is more in name than in reality. The soil is hard to cultivate, but it is God Who gives the increase."

Political unrest is referred to in a letter from my mother, February 1872: "The country is just now mourning the loss of Lord Mayo, the Viceroy. He was assassinated by a convict from the Andaman Islands, while on a tour of inspection there. The assassin was a Mohammedan, probably a Wahabee. These Wahabees are a fanatical sect of Mohammedans, numbering many thousands. The Chief Justice was assassinated a short time ago by one of them." Opposition to Government and Government officials has not yet died out of India.

Miss Calhoun (Mrs. Carlton later) had charge of girls' schools in Sialkot, and the baptism of a pupil caused more furor than it does now. In the letter mentioned above, my mother states: "Miss Calhoun will go to Gujranwala. The two girls' schools in the city have never amounted to much since Bhani Dai's case caused so much excitement. The one in Hajipur, this side of the city, is doing better, but she thought one would have a larger field by going to Gujranwala. She closed the two city

schools before she went. The other remains open, and I am doing what I can in it."

Bazar preaching was one of the many duties now taken up by my father. In a letter of May my mother writes: "Mr. Martin preaches in the bazar every morning, except Sabbath. He also teaches Bible lessons an hour in the school. He sometimes preaches in the bazar in the evenings. He preaches to a congregation of about two hundred Sabbath mornings, and gives a sermon to the Christians Thursday evenings. He also has General and Station Treasury business, Industrial School, and reading with the munshi in Urdu, Persian, and Arabic. You will know that he can have little leisure time."

Bazar preaching was continued into the summer, for near the end of June she writes: "Mr. M. still preaches in the bazar every morning and about three evenings in the week. It is now so hot in the evening in the crowded streets, that it is almost beyond endurance."

Evangelism to Listless and Hostile Peoples

Although other duties pressed, my father's heart was in the evangelistic work in the villages. His aim was always to stay in camp as long as the approaching hot weather permitted. This letter was written March 24, 1873 from the camp which was pitched in Zafarwal, before that was a separate Mission station from Sialkot, and before there was any bungalow there: "We visited two large villages containing 4,000 inhabitants each. We also preached in the surrounding villages. We have had good audiences this year. In nearly every village which we visited, we found people to preach to. They were inclined to listen as though they cared about the truth.

"With the great mass of people here religion is a mere form; they do not pretend to fulfill what their religion enjoins. Not one in twelve of Mohammedans ever says his prayers, whereas the Koran (sacred book) enjoins prayers five times a day. In the same way the Hindus, or at least a great majority of them, know nothing of their religion beyond a few forms. They think that a

man to become religious must become a faqir (wandering beggar).

"As a rule, the Mohammedans are more troublesome than the Hindus. They are inclined to dispute, and are very often abusive. The Hindus hardly ever dispute; they do not appear to care enough about religion to dispute any statement made. . . ." "For this reason I often prefer to preach to the Mohammedans, for although they are more boisterous and rude, they appear to care more for religion. The attention of the Hindus appears to come often, simply from a desire to please, and they acquiesce in what is said more from apathy and indifference than from any real belief.

"Still there appears to be more interest than formerly. Our preaching is having its effect. I can notice a great change in this way since I came to this country. We have every assurance that the Word which we preach is having its effect, although we may not live to see the gathering of the fruit. We *must* have more men, for we need more help. There are parts of the district, even villages, that have never been preached in.

"What would become of a congregation in America that did not have a sermon preached to them once in five years? Is it surprising that the results are not greater? But we cannot complain. We are witnessing fruits of our labors to some extent. Since the first of January we have baptized three men, and have hopes of more during the year. We are encouraged by this to look for greater things in the future."

CHAPTER VI

Lights and Shadows

IN MAY my father writes again of dire need of reinforcements. He states: "We are reduced now to two families, and I have little hopes of seeing reinforcements this year. It does appear as though the Church had determined to abandon this field. But we do not feel discouraged; it is the Lord's work and not that of the Church, and will go on whether man will it or not. We have a good deal to encourage us now at Zafarwal. I baptized a man and his wife there last Sabbath. There is a village near there where all the people are talking of coming together. God grant them strength to do so. There is work enough in this district (Sialkot) for four men!"

The summer of 1873 marked a step in advance in the method of bazar preaching. My father writes: "This summer I have put up a small building near the church in the city, fronting on the street, and we go there to preach in the evening instead of standing in the middle of the street as we used to do. We have not altogether given up the latter method, but the people listen so much better when they have a place to sit.

"After taking our seats, we usually invite some of the passers-by to come and hear the Word of God. After we get a few to come, others are attracted by the company, and we soon have quite a number." . . . "Our preaching is very simple. We rely upon the simple proclamation of salvation through Christ. Some of the people, especially the Mohammedans, like to argue and contradict, but many appear to listen with interest. Of course, the results of this work are not apparent to us, but we know that the Word will not return void. Yesterday I baptized

four persons, two men, one woman, and a child. They came about twenty miles to become Christians. We have thus encouragement given to us to prosecute the work, and we hope the time will soon come, when it will not be by twos and threes, but by fifties and hundreds that they will come." Later letters will show how this prophecy was fulfilled.

The Mission at different times passed through financial crises. In January 1874 my father writes: "I am sorry to see that the financial crisis has begun to affect the church. The Board has ordered us to reduce our expenses 20 per cent. This will be hard to do without giving up part of our work. We will try to work through somehow."

He writes in the same letter of the economic conditions in India: "In a country so densely populated, people may be in want in one part, and a little distance off there may be plenty. In travelling over the country one is surprised to see so much waste land, that with care and labor might be made productive. This country is capable of supporting a prosperous and happy people; but as it is, there is neither prosperity nor happiness among them; . . . nor will there be until they acknowledge Christ as their King and Saviour. It is impossible for those who dwell in a Christian land to realize what the conditions of the heathen are."

What a change we see now! The Canal Department is one of the most important in the Government of India. New canals are opened year by year, bringing thousands of arid acres under cultivation. India's people realize the value of irrigation. High prices are paid for land thus opened up. New sections of land under irrigation are sold at auction. The large sums thus realized by the Government are used to open new tracts. In the earlier years of irrigation tracts of land were given individuals as rewards for service to the Government. Our Mission conceived the idea of asking for a grant of land for the Christian community. My father was appointed to apply for this favor. The grant was made, and the new Christian colony, which the colonists named Martinpur,* much to the embarrassment of my father, was established.

* Pur means village. The name is, literally, Martin village.—R. W. T.

Spiritual Irrigation

This, however, was in comparatively recent years, and marked the fulfillment of a cherished wish of my father.

At the time of which we are writing, our missionaries were preparing channels for the Water of Life to flow into the dry waste of heathenism. In a letter of August 1, 1874, my father writes: "I do not know whether there will be any general movement towards Christianity or not. I fear not. I trust that the most of those who have come out are sincere, but sometimes we are disappointed. Even among the best of them we find so much selfishness mixed up in their conduct, that it is hard to judge whether a man is sincere or not.

"A mistaken impression often prevails at home in regard to converts from heathenism. It is expected that they will prove good Christians at once, whereas it is often hard to wean them from their old sinful habits. It requires far more judgment and care to deal with our infant church, than to proclaim the gospel to the heathen. In the work of organizing the church we can hardly be said to have made a commencement as yet.

"We have Christians gathered together, it is true, but there is nothing like self-government among them. There is not enough independence among them to make self-government practical. With God's help, however, these difficulties will soon be overcome."

The channels spread, for in another letter he writes: "The Christians we have are scattered over quite a large tract of country. They sometimes suffer a good deal for being Christians. One poor man, who was baptized last year, is suffering persecution from the villagers. We trust he may be given the . . . Spirit of Christ in bearing his troubles. I have about given up looking for reinforcements soon. I hope, however the field will not be given up. There is plenty of work to do, and if the church will not do it, other religions will draw them away. We have good prospects now, if our strength keeps up."

Many summers were spent in the heat because of the difficulties of travel to the hills, and also the expense of such journeys. We children, as well as my father and mother, suffered from the intense heat, during the long summers without a

break. But cheerful endurance marks the mention of these trials. My mother wrote on July 25, 1875:

"We are having a nice cool day today, with the thermometer down to 85 degrees. We are enjoying it thoroughly. The cool wind came from the rain clouds on the hills. We have had but little rain yet, just enough to make the air very damp. The weather has been very trying for some time. We have been able to remain on the plains so far, though, of course, we suffer a good deal from the heat. Mr. M. had about twenty boils at a time for two months. The children, too, had a good many, as well as prickly heat as bad as I ever saw measles."

Nor was heat all that had to be endured. She writes: "We have killed this summer, in the house, seven centipedes and more than a hundred scorpions. One large poisonous snake was killed near the house."



Bazar preaching in front of Reading Room at Sialkot.

CHAPTER VII

Camping Seasons

WHILE THE next winter's camping season did not show growth in numbers, there were evidences of progress more marked, because those who were baptized lived in their old surroundings. An effort was made to break up the old "compound system," where converts were gathered in and made to live on the Mission compounds for instruction. My father writes January 20, 1875:

"We have not had any more baptisms since I last wrote. There are several enquirers, and we hope to receive some accessions soon. The number received last year was larger than usual. We hope the coming year will be blessed with equal success. The work is not by any means done when baptism has been received. The class we have most to do with are very ignorant, and require a great deal of instruction.

"There are evidences of progress, however, and especially in the matter of self-support. This is a very important matter here, and must have a great deal to do with the growth of the church. A state of dependence on the missionaries for support is hurtful to their spiritual growth. All who were baptized last year live in their own villages, and work as they did before."

Work Among the Women

The work among non-Christian women in their homes, too, was more encouraging. My mother wrote in March of 1875: "The work here is quite encouraging. Three men have been

baptized this year. There is a religious teacher among the Megs. Miss Gordon finds more work than she can do. People invite her into their homes to talk and read to them. Many women collect at the schools when she visits them." So the seed was being sown, and God's servants were anxiously awaiting the harvest.

During the winter of 1876 the camp was again pitched at Zafarwal. From there they went to Marali, afterwards one of the first pastorates. From there the camp moved to Gangor, and from there to Pasrur, which is now a mission station with district missionaries, a large boarding school, and a hospital. It was then a part of Sialkot district, as was Zafarwal.

Mother's letter from Pasrur was written February 22, 1876: "The Christians at Marali we found were doing very well. Others in that village are better disposed than in most places. From that place we sent the camp across to Gangor, where there are three families of Christians lately baptized. They have a harder time than others. We had to drive around fifteen miles to get a road for a wheeled vehicle." . . . "The Christians in the village between Marali and Gangor came to see us at Gangor. There was a crowd varying from twenty to a hundred around our tent nearly all the time we were there. At service on Sabbath there was a congregation of about one hundred. From Gangor we came to Pasrur, eight miles south of Sialkot."

A week later she wrote from Bann, a village a few miles west of Pasrur: "We spent the Sabbath near Rachari, a village of a thousand or fifteen hundred. There was a crowd of women and children around the tent. I was interrupted here by a woman coming with her daughter to inquire what could be done about her. The mother has been baptized, but the daughter has been a hard case. Indeed there is reason to suspect that the mother is not much better. A part of the Christians scattered through the district have been doing very well, but a few of them have had to have their names cut off. The country is full of wickedness, and only the Spirit of God can purify it."

My father also wrote on the same day, telling why they found it necessary to itinerate among the villages: "Our life here would appear very strange to you. We are moving about over

the country, not staying more than a few days at any one place. It is hard work but healthy, and besides it is the only way we can reach the people in the villages. If we went without tent or provision, we could not get along at all, as we could get neither shelter nor food out here. It is with difficulty that we get wood for cooking and grass for the horse and cow." . . . "It will soon be too warm to stay in tents, and I would like to do all that I can before I am obliged to return to the house. We have been spending most of our time among the Christians in the villages. They are very poor, and need instruction. It will take a great deal of instruction to bring them up to the degree of intelligence possessed by people in America, but God's grace is sufficient for them, and we trust that there are some, at least, among them who are called of God."

The next summer there were some inquirers in the Sialkot school, and news came from Gujranwala school, which made them thank God and take courage: "There is very little to write about at this time of the year. We do not go out to district (that was before the days of the Ford! — E. J. M.) and our work is confined to the Station. There is very little variety in this, one day is much like another. I have more encouragement in the school than before. Three of the boys are hopeful inquirers, and I trust that some day they will come out on the Lord's side. Two boys have been baptized in the Gujranwala school, so I hope that our school work is not in vain."

Later in the summer cholera broke out. It was an anxious time, for my mother was in Dharmsala with a very sick baby. Cholera was very bad in the bazar near Sunnyside, the house in which she was living. It was a great relief when my father could finally leave his work and go to her.

He wrote from Dharmsala on the last day of September, — "Since the cholera broke out preaching had to be suspended in the bazar, and also visiting in the near villages, but I hope that the country will soon be rid of the scourge, and our work can be resumed again. Our Christians are generally doing well, and are making some progress in knowledge. There are some weak ones among them, but there are some who are doing very well. They have many trials and persecutions to endure, living as they do among Hindus and Mohammedans, but thus far

they are enabled to remain firm. There have been in all twenty baptisms this year in Sialkot district."

The next winter a decided step in advance was taken, which marked the beginning of our Theological Seminary, and also the plan from which the Christian Training Institute developed. My father's letter about this is dated January 16, 1877, now more than fifty years ago. "Our Presbytery business this year has been more interesting than usual. We have resolved to establish a Theological School, and will start with thirteen students. Mr. Barr is the only teacher appointed at present, but if it prospers, and the work increases we will appoint others. We also intend to establish a school for the children of our Christians, as soon as we can arrange it."

He closes his letter with a note of hope for the future: "Our work has prospered the past year; not so many baptisms as in the year past, but some are more intelligent and better educated. We are gaining from all classes, and hope to see the time when the people of this country shall become one in Christ."

AN INTERLUDE

First Furlough

THE MARTINS had been away from America eleven years. Their first furlough of two years was spent in New Concord, Ohio, where Dr. Martin taught mathematics in Muskingum College, while the professor in charge was absent completing his theological course. Dr. Martin was a trained mathematician and was in his element in that department.

When the time came to return to India there was no hesitation. Their hearts were with the needy people of their chosen field of labor. Their great sorrow was in leaving their older children in America. There was then in India no school where missionary children could have educational training. The youngest child to be left was five years old. She had her heart

set on returning with her mother. The mother tenderly reasoned with her daughter, but failed to dissuade her from her desire. Being an artist with the pen she wrote in beautiful bold letters the word S T A Y, and in small slanting letters the word "Go," and asked the daughter to make her choice. She at once pointed to "go."

When the parents and their two younger children left on the train for the first lap of the journey to India, the children who were to remain in New Concord did not go to the station. They did, however, wave goodbye to their parents as the train passed by where they were standing. This was the last time these children saw their mother. This was the last time the mother saw these children.

Separation of families was and is yet one of the hardest experiences in foreign missionary work, hard for both parents and children. Jesus promised that this sacrifice would bring a high spiritual reward, both in this life and in that to come.

The seven children of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Martin, together with their parents, were given the fulfillment of this assurance. Each one of the seven graduated from Muskingum college, and each one served the church with much of the ability and devotion as characterized their parents.

CHAPTER VIII

Second Term of Service

AFTER RETURNING from their furlough my father soon found himself as busy as in former years. My mother wrote in March, 1880, "Mr. Martin is very busy. Since we have returned he has baptized six adults and three children. He preaches twice on Sabbath, superintends the S. School, teaches a class, conducts the weekly prayermeeting, teaches an hour and a half in the day school, looks after inquirers, station business, etc."

As time went on his duties increased. Another letter gives additional duties, owing to the lack of sufficient missionaries: "They have managed to give Mr. Martin a double portion of the work this year. He is Corresponding Secretary and General Treasurer of the Mission, and sub-treasurer of the Sialkot and Jhelum Stations. He looks after Jhelum Station during the absence of Mr. Scott on furlough. He has a trip up there (sixty-eight miles) once a month.

"He has the Sialkot District, superintendence of the Boys' School, and half the work of the Theological Seminary from the middle of April to the middle of September. I hope that the church will send out help soon. The work is encouraging, and we trust that God's Spirit is manifesting His power in the hearts of many."

My mother had to do much of the letter-writing, but my father always added a note. He was conscientious about writing letters to the home folks. He added this to my mother's letter: "I will write a few lines before this is closed, but have no time for a letter. We are busy getting the Mission Report and Minutes ready for the Board. I will get them started today, but

am too tired to write much. We want to get out into the districts as soon as we can."

His teaching work in the Theological Seminary continued the following summer, entailing translations of text books, as there was a scarcity of text books in the native language.

My father wrote in June, 1881, "In addition to the ordinary station work, two hours are given each day to the Theological Seminary. I have little translation to do this year compared to last year. Work in the district is more extensive as we had to transfer the Indian minister, Rev. G. L. Thakur to Gujranwala. When relieved there he can come back to his own place." The son of Rev. G. L. Thakur Das is now pastor of the Presbyterian church in Lahore. He had taken postgraduate work in America. A letter written by my mother December, 1881 gives an account of Rev. Thakur Das' work:

"We went out to Marali, over thirty miles distant, to see the Christians in that vicinity, and Mr. Martin and Thakur held communion there. We reached there Friday; Mr. Martin . . . had service, visited Christians and examined for baptism on Friday and Saturday. Thakur stopped at Shahabdake, a village a few miles this side, had services Friday and Saturday, and examined for baptism, also met those from nearby villages desiring baptism. On Sabbath all came to Marali for communion. About sixty communed. Sixteen adults were baptized. There appears to be encouraging growth, both in numbers and in knowledge and grace.

"The boys in Marali school are doing well. The three most advanced, thirteen to fourteen years old, are equal in scholarship to those of their age in city schools. When the boys heard that we would be at the school they stayed at night in the Christian workers' house, made a fire of little sticks (too poor to buy candles) and reviewed the Shorter Catechism. They not only repeated the answers, but could explain the meaning.

"On the way home Mr. Martin rode out to a village near the border of Kashmir territory to visit a Christian, whom he had baptized last summer, and some inquirers. Some Indian helpers had visited them. Last Sabbath two inquirers were baptized. Their religious leader and one of his disciples came in with them. This disciple is one who has a heavy mass of long hair. It would lie on the ground if opened out. He wears

it in braids wound around his head. He says that he is going to cut it off and become a Christian. You might say that there is no sin in wearing long hair, but it is a badge, and one that would be understood as such wherever he is seen."

When I was in Pasrur district during the winter of 1907, it was said that twenty-five ministers and Christian workers had had their primary work in the Marali school. Do you wonder? Among the twenty-five were Rev. Labbhu Mal and Rev. Mallu Chand, pioneers in self-support pastors. Rev. Labbhu Mal is now professor in the Theological Seminary, supported by the Indian Church.

A letter written by my mother in March, 1882 shows advance in Sabbath Schools: "The Christians together with teachers and boys in the city school attend church, making a large congregation. Sabbath School begins at ten, the same people attending, from 300 to 350. Mr. Martin superintends, and teaches a class made up of Hindu and Mohammedan teachers in the Boys' School. The Christian teachers have classes in the S. School. My class consists of the wives of the Theological students. The women come for Bible lessons three times a week in addition to the S. S."

Teaching now took so much of father's time that he had to delegate much of the district work to Indian helpers. He wrote: "I am now teaching in the Theological Seminary in the morning, and have the Christian Training Institute, and the Boys' School to superintend, together with the preaching and other work of the station. Our work is getting along well; the best part is out in the district. Teaching keeps me from getting out as much as I would like, but Indian assistants are in places where most of the Christians are."

The next winter they got out into the district to gather some of the fruit from seed sown in former years. My mother wrote in December of 1882: "The last village which we visited, in which there are Christians, the wives and children of those baptized before were baptized. The evening before the baptisms Mr. Martin had the pleasure of seeing the men dig down their 'balishah,' that is, their place of worship. During our tour he baptized one hundred and ten persons, fifty-six adults. Many more wanted to be baptized, but they had to wait for instruction." This letter and the following ones were written from

Zafarwal, which was then a separate station. My father was assigned to the work there.

In February, 1883 my mother referred to one of the privations of missionaries in their days: "We are the only family with white faces within a distance of nearly thirty miles, and no one around us can talk in English. If they could only speak Urdu we would not mind it so much, but this Dogar is a rough dialect. I do not get along in it yet as with the people ten or twelve miles south, who speak a different Punjabi dialect."



Padri Mallu Chand

CHAPTER IX

Visit from the Governor

IN HER LETTER of February, 1883 my mother describes a visit of the Governor of the Punjab: "We came in from tent last week. The Lieutenant Governor of the Panjab has been encamped beside our place here from Friday until Tuesday (today). There were so many with him, that we thought it best to be at home. There were many English officers, together with Indians, perhaps two thousand. They had eight hundred camels. There were several camel carriages, drawn by from two to six camels each. These and the elephants attracted the children's attention."

While the Governor's camp was at Zafarwal, my father was invited to preach at the camp. The Deputy Commissioner and his wife were in the Governor's party. Fifteen years later, the Deputy Commissioner was Lieutenant Governor of the Panjab. When his camp was in Sialkot my father and Dr. Youngson of the Church of Scotland called on him to request land for Christian colonies on the new canal which was then being opened for irrigation. The grant was made, and the Christian villages of Youngsonabad and Martinpur were the result. During the call the Governor's wife reminded father of his sermon that he had preached at the former Governor's camp at Zafarwal, fifteen years before, and told him the text from which he preached.

CHAPTER X

The Harvest is White

THE CAMPING SEASON of the winter in 1883 was very promising. My father wrote: "We are itinerating, and if we keep our health, we will continue until the hot weather sets in. The fact is that we cannot do all the work we ought to do. If we traveled the whole year round, we could not do all that is to be done, or attend to those who are waiting to become Christians.

"We started out November 1st. We went about thirty miles in a southeast direction and returned to Zafarwal. We camped in ten different places, and spent a month on the tour. This would average three days in a place. We preached in adjacent places so far as we were able. Our principal attention was given to those who wished to become Christians. There were a great many inquirers, but owing to the opposition of other villagers, the greater part were deterred.

"There were about 250 applicants for baptism at first, but of these only 74 were received. The others will be received before long. There is always opposition at first, but it cools down in time. A number of the above were men who came from a distance. Their wives and children could not come so far. We shall visit them before long, and hope to receive a good many more."

... "We expect to make fourteen encampments on this tour, going fifty-five miles before we turn back. We do not go in a direct course, but to villages where there are the most inquirers. On this last tour we have received 98 thus far, and expect a large number yet. During the present year there have been 270 baptisms in my district alone, and from present appearances,

the number will go up to 350 by the end of the year. The number of inquirers is increasing faster than we can receive them. They are all from the Chuhra or low caste, but I trust that they are sincere."

Village schools too were established as fast as funds permitted, and suitable teachers found. In them lay much of the hope for the substantial growth of the church. My father wrote: "We have ten village schools, not very large, and the scholars are not very far advanced, but a beginning has been made, and there is evidence already of an improvement."

March, 1884 closed a winter of great ingathering. My mother wrote: "We have been out in the district nearly all winter, and have had a busy season since the 1st of November. Mr. Martin has baptized 463 persons, 213 since the beginning of this year. There are two or three places where there are a good many more ready for baptism, and many have been left for further instruction."

A Journey to the Hills

A branch line of the Railway had been built to Sialkot from Wazirabad on the main line, and another from Amritsar to Pathankot. The days of going all the way from Sialkot or Zafarwal to Dharmasala in doolies (the Indian palanquin) were becoming a thing of the past. The Railway journey, however, as it still is, was a long, weary, round-about one. The first journey to the hills, taken partly by rail, my mother describes in a letter from Dharmasala in June, 1884: "You will see by the heading of this letter that we are now at Dharmasala. We came up last week.

"We had intended to come across directly from Zafarwal, but Mrs. Lytle was anxious that we go to Sialkot and come with them. That route, though much longer, takes about the same length of time. We took train at 11 P. M., waited an hour at Wazirabad, where we changed cars, and arrived at Lahore in the morning, a little too late for the Amritsar train. It was well for us that we were delayed, for a heavy dust storm came

up soon after we reached Lahore. It cooled the air, so that we had a very pleasant trip.

"We got to Amritsar about noon, and took a train from there to Dinanagar at five P. M. The railway was finished to Pathankot, and they had run trains for a few days, but a little red tape had been left out, and an order came for it to be closed."

"Mr. Caldwell had a wagon waiting for us, and we reached Pathankot at one A. M., and came on again from Pathankot in the morning. Mr. Martin and Mr. Lytle rode their horses, and the rest of us came in doolies and a dandy (sort of chair, carried by four men, the chair being swung on bamboo poles)."

The next season in district showed a marked advance in the number of village schools. My father wrote in March, 1885: "We have had a very successful season with God's blessing. There are now 29 schools open, and others ready to be opened in my district." In October of the same year he wrote: "Our next encampment was at Khan Khassa. There were 15 baptisms, six women and five children. There is quite a large school for boys, and they are making good progress. While encamped there we went to Mal for a service, where eighteen were baptized."

My mother was interested in the education of women and girls, especially in Bible knowledge. She wrote in 1885: "A fund was appropriated by an English family for prizes for Indian women and girls for proficiency in Bible knowledge. This year the subjects studied were the books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Daniel, and the three Epistles of John. Two of Kanaya's daughters are here for examination, and I am acting as local examiner."

Kanaya was the man whose conversion and persecutions are so graphically described in Dr. Andrew Gordon's book, "Our India Mission."

The next winter was busy. My mother wrote December, 1885: "Left home October 30, and have not seen it since. We are making three moves a week. Paul Nasarali was ordained at Presbytery meeting." A week later she wrote from Marali: "We are now at Marali. Some of the Christians are not satisfactory. All need teaching. You must not think that these people, coming out of heathenism, having grown up in the firm belief

of the grossest superstition, become ripe saints in a few days, or a few years. Yet, though there is much to discourage in some, in others there is evidence of the Saviour's power. There are 55 boys and ten girls in the school, about half of whom are baptized Christians.

"The school is doing well. Another small school of ten or twelve scholars came from another village, and was examined along with this one. Rev. P. Nasarali is here. He is an excellent man, and his wife is an earnest Christian woman with good common sense. She can read a little, but not readily. Her little girl, Piyari, nine, is very bright and an excellent scholar for her age." Rev. Paul Nasarali was the son-in-law of Kanaya, his wife being the oldest daughter.

A letter from my mother in February, 1886 refers to a real hindrance to Christian growth: "The Christians seem to be doing very well. I felt sorry for one poor little girl, 13 years of age. She is anxious to be baptized and learn to read, but her parents, not Christians, are opposed because they want to marry her to the boy, who is not a Christian, to whom they engaged her three or four years ago. Her older brothers are Christians."

The year 1886 was marked by large ingatherings and results from the Theological Seminary. In a letter of July 21, 1886 my father wrote: "At a called meeting of Presbytery on the 15th two licentiates were taken on trial for ordination, and a third on condition he give up his place on the Sialkot Municipal Commission and go out on district work. They will probably be ordained in October. The number of baptisms for the first six months of this year is considerably more than for all of last year. The trouble is to teach them."

A week later he wrote: "I took the family to Dharmsala the first of June. On my return most of my time has been in Sialkot, except ten days in Zafarwal. My principal work is to superintend the publication of a translation of Hodge's Theology by Dr. Barr. This has been finished, and I am starting this evening for Dharmsala, where I shall be employed on the new metrical version of the Psalms. It has been very hot this summer, especially trying since rains began.

"Our work is still in a prosperous condition. In Zafarwal

Rev. Isa Bhajan baptized 54 in July. The number baptized this year far exceeds any year since the commencement of the Mission. This rapid increase means more work and care, but we are getting laborers trained to take part of the work. Last fall Paul Nasarali was ordained; this summer Imam Din Shahbaz, John Clement, Isa Bhajan, and Sabir Masih. Arrangements are made for ordination of J. W. Sweet, Hamid-ud-din, and Karm Dad. Thus in a year eight Indian ministers are added to our force. The work increases, however, more rapidly than our force."



Pastor and Elders of the Martinpur Church.

CHAPTER XI

Death of Mrs. Martin

THIS PROVED TO BE the last year spent in India in work together. After they started their itinerary in the Fall, my mother took cold while they were camped at Marali. Pneumonia developed, and she was taken to the Ladies' Mission House of the C. M. S. Mission, Narowal, where she could get medical care. The weakened body, after twenty years in India, could not resist the disease, and she died December 3rd, 1886. My father made his sad journey to America with the three youngest children, who were to join their older sisters, the following Spring, and his second term in India closed.

Among the several tributes to the life of Lydia Mossman Martin (Mrs. Samuel Martin) is one from Miss Mary J. Campbell. Miss Campbell, who went to India January 5, 1885, was assigned to the Martin home for language study. She was thus associated with Mrs. Martin for almost a year. She reports the spirit of Mrs. Martin's last message to women of a village, in the following words: "Our first encampment was in a village seven miles from home. She and I went as usual that first afternoon to teach the women of the village. I can never forget her earnest teaching that day nor the rapt expression on her sweet face that day as she told again the story of Jesus and His love. So impressed was I with her manner that the thought flashed through my mind, 'What if this should be her farewell message to India's sisters,' and it was."

Miss Campbell adds the following: "And now I wish to pay tribute to that most devoted and brilliant missionary of those early days — Mrs. Lydia Mossman Martin. Her beautiful life

should have been written and published in book form for our United Presbyterian family long ago. . . . She was a pioneer worker among the untouchables. . . . She was wholehearted in her belief in this movement. . . . When the camping season came she was willing to do her share; yes, far more than her share."

Miss Campbell attributes much of her own missionary education to this "motherly missionary who kept right after her with encouragement." Quoted from "In the Shadow of the Himalayas," pp. 48, 49, 50.

Among the many pictures of the India-Pakistan Mission that came into the possession of the editor and his wife, a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Martin, is one of the Girls' Boarding School, Sialkot. One of the buildings is marked as the Memorial to Mrs. Martin.



Girls' Boarding School at Sialkot. Nearest building is a memorial to Mrs. Samuel Martin.

CHAPTER XII

Later Terms of Service

THE THIRD AND FOURTH TERMS of service in India were strenuous. In the third term my father had charge of Sialkot district, Mission High School, was General Secretary and Treasurer, and taught in the Theological Seminary. His splendid physique began to show the effects of his years in India. An attack of pneumonia, lasting several weeks, left its mark. My sister wrote in March, 1895: "Father has not been well this winter. He barely managed to stay out in camp. He will not get much better until we can go to where he can be quiet, and not always going about. . . . I wish that he were better able to start on the heavy summer's program."

He still had a keen interest in every branch of Mission work. The future Church in India had a large place in his thoughts. In his ideals for the Church he often referred to Paul's words to the Corinthian Church, "not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God chose the foolish things of the world that he might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong."

He had the great pleasure of seeing many, who had looked with disfavor on the work among the low-caste, change their opinion, and see possibilities of God's power in "making a people of those who were no people."

After a happy furlough at home, where he enjoyed the fellowship, not only of sons and daughters, but also of young grandsons and granddaughters, he returned to India in 1907. He was assigned to Pasrur district, to work in villages where his heart had always been. As his strength declined my father

expressed a wish to take the place of any who were away on furlough, thus relieving the Mission of transferring missionaries. But the Master said, "No." He needed him for higher service, and called him home for it on December 24, 1910. On Christmas Day his body was laid to rest beside my mother's grave. They spent their first happy Christmas together after twenty-four years of separation.

Miss Kate A. Hill gives an additional touch to the funeral services for Dr. Martin: "There were forty missionaries at his funeral who were not even born when he and Mrs. Martin made that long voyage by way of the Cape in 1866. By this time his youngest daughter Jane had joined the two daughters Mary and Josephine." Miss Agnes L. Ballantyne, in the July 18, 1955 issue of *The United Presbyterian*, states that the three sisters sang the closing song at the funeral, and adds: "The hundreds of American, Scottish and Indian friends who attended the service had only to see the daughters to know that they were carrying on the tradition of the devoted-to-their-Lord Martin family."

A tribute to my father by an Indian friend who was associated with him was translated by the daughter of an Indian pastor, and is in part as follows: "The honorable Dr. Martin worked as a missionary in India for forty-four years. He took part in every function of mission work. He was fond of bazar preaching. He was especially kind to inquirers, sympathetic and tactful. They never went away without getting a glimpse of the truth. The best and most valuable service rendered by the Dr. Sahib was in Indian cities and villages. His crown of glory will be the crowds of people who believed through him. It was through Dr. Martin's efforts that some poor Indian Christians got land from the Government, and formed the village of Martinpur."

I cannot close with a more fitting tribute to the service which my father gave to India, than one which appeared in *The United Presbyterian* just after he had been called home.

TRIBUTE TO THE REV. SAMUEL MARTIN, D.D.

Missionary to India 1866-1910

By Sarah M. Thompson

This man, this blinded man, could not see things
Anear. He could not see the spoils of trade,
Or rolls of bills, or stocks, or dividends
That heap and heap. Nor could he see great piles
Of stones or rows of bricks or tons and tons
Of steel or unmined wealth, or yet rich lands
That stretch and stretch.

O blinded, blinded man!

But he could see afar. He could see the spoils
Of grace. He could see the dazzling trail of glory,
And he could see bright glittering souls in earth's
Black night. He saw them; he gathered them
And reached them back to God. Behold this man,
Miser-like, bent to his task, hoarding wealth,
Most precious wealth in a place unknown by moth

Or thief. Behold this man, this man who toiled . . .
. . . As one would toil who could see beyond the mists;
The brighter day, the noon, the everlasting
Zenith in far domains unlit by star
Or moon or sun; as one would toil who could see
The King in all his beauty; as one who could see
The Christ waiting to receive his own redeemed.

O visioned, visioned man!

Addenda

BY THE EDITOR

MISS KATE A. HILL who was closely associated with the Martins in India gives some informing sidelights, showing the human interest of Dr. Martin: "Dr. Martin was always welcome in every social event. His keen sense of humor added spice to the conversation. A fund of stories kept us interested while he carved and served at a dinner party.

"He loved games and played badminton and tennis long after men of his age sat on the sidelines. He never lost his interest in any game, unless he was on the losing side.

"He was perhaps the best read man in the Mission. An avid reader he always had at hand interesting books. In the last years of his life he took up French novels! He gave as his reason that so many books had French quotations, and he wanted to be able to understand them."

She writes of his kindness. When she was struggling with the language, with its 'rs' and 'tes' and 'des,' all different from the English r and t and d, and fell behind Josephine in pronunciation, Dr. Martin encouraged her, saying that Josephine being born in India had heard the language from childhood, and thus the advantage. He cheered her to progress.

"Dr. Martin could sing. I can still remember his deep bass as we sang in family worship, or in meetings of the Mission. He also knew Greek and Hebrew, and often helped Padri Shahbaz with the translations of the Psalms."

Miss Hill gives an account of the settlement of Martinpur: "Dr. Martin was selected by the Government to select the settlers for this land project. . . . It was a difficult task. It required patience and understanding. There were many more applicants than land available. Each one was to receive a 'marrabba' a

square of land containing 28 acres. Dr. Martin was careful in his selection (of migrants), and divided some squares so as to accommodate a greater number, and that every district of the Mission would be represented. Settlers came with little or no capital. Land had to be cleared of shrubs, and ditches dug for water. Temporary places to live in had to be built. Winds, malaria, and homesickness plagued the experiment. There were disappointments in some of the settlers. But after the first crop houses were built, and in time a self-supporting congregation was organized."

Miss Hill refers to the Boys' High School when Dr. Martin was superintendent, and writes: "I have a photograph of this building and Dr. Martin sitting in the center of *one thousand* boys."

Mary R. Martin served the India Mission from 1890 till 1933. She was in district work mostly. One of her monuments is the Punjabi Zabur, the Psalm Book. She was one of several who arranged native music for the Psalms. The following quotation is from "In the Shadow of the Himalayas," page 114: "Doctor Shahbaz did not understand how to reduce the tunes into our musical notation; but, we had one in our midst who did know, our quiet, gentle, talented Mary Rachel Martin, who offered her services. She secured an elderly Punjabi musician and hour after hour for months she listened while he played on his sattu — seven-stringed instrument — and she picked out the notes and put them in place so they could be sung by Westerners. The Indians knew the tunes. In this tremendous labor of love Miss Martin was ably assisted by Henrietta Cowden, Mrs. William McKelvey, and her sister Josephine Martin."

Josephine Martin went to India in 1896 and continued as a missionary until her death in 1931. The earthly remains of these two sisters rest in the cemetery at New Concord, Ohio, where they lived from childhood until their departure for India. Josephine was an educator, and gave her talent in that direction to the schools. She succeeded Mary J. Campbell as principal of the Avalon High School for Girls. Before that time she had been in educational work both in Sialkot and Pasrur. For a time she was on the staff of Kinnaird College for Women, affiliated with the University of the Punjab.

Jane E. Martin went to India in 1906. She was in district

work which is mostly evangelistic, and work among girls. Her last years were in Taxila Hospital, as Bible teacher, and evangelist. Her service continued for twenty years. She was afflicted with a native ailment, and after a brave battle with the disease was finally called suddenly across the invisible boundary. She was buried at Taxila.

Thus this missionary family whose members labored together in their chosen field are widely separated in their earthly resting places: Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Martin in the American Cemetery in Sialkot, Mary and Josephine in the cemetery at New Concord, Ohio, and Jane in the Mission Cemetery at Taxila.

We know that they are reunited, in that wonderful, spacious, blessed Home prepared by our mighty loving Saviour in His Father's house. At the Resurrection their bodies will be raised up in glory, and made perfectly blessed in full enjoying of God forever and forever.

Those of us who carry on their mission for Christ and His chosen will eventually join these dear ones, and the grand multitude of loyal followers of our Lord. The sure promises of God to His workers encourage us to "toil as one would toil who could see beyond the mists."

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Father to the Poor

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